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**DICK MURDOCH: WHY HE  
PRETENDS TO BE CRAZY**

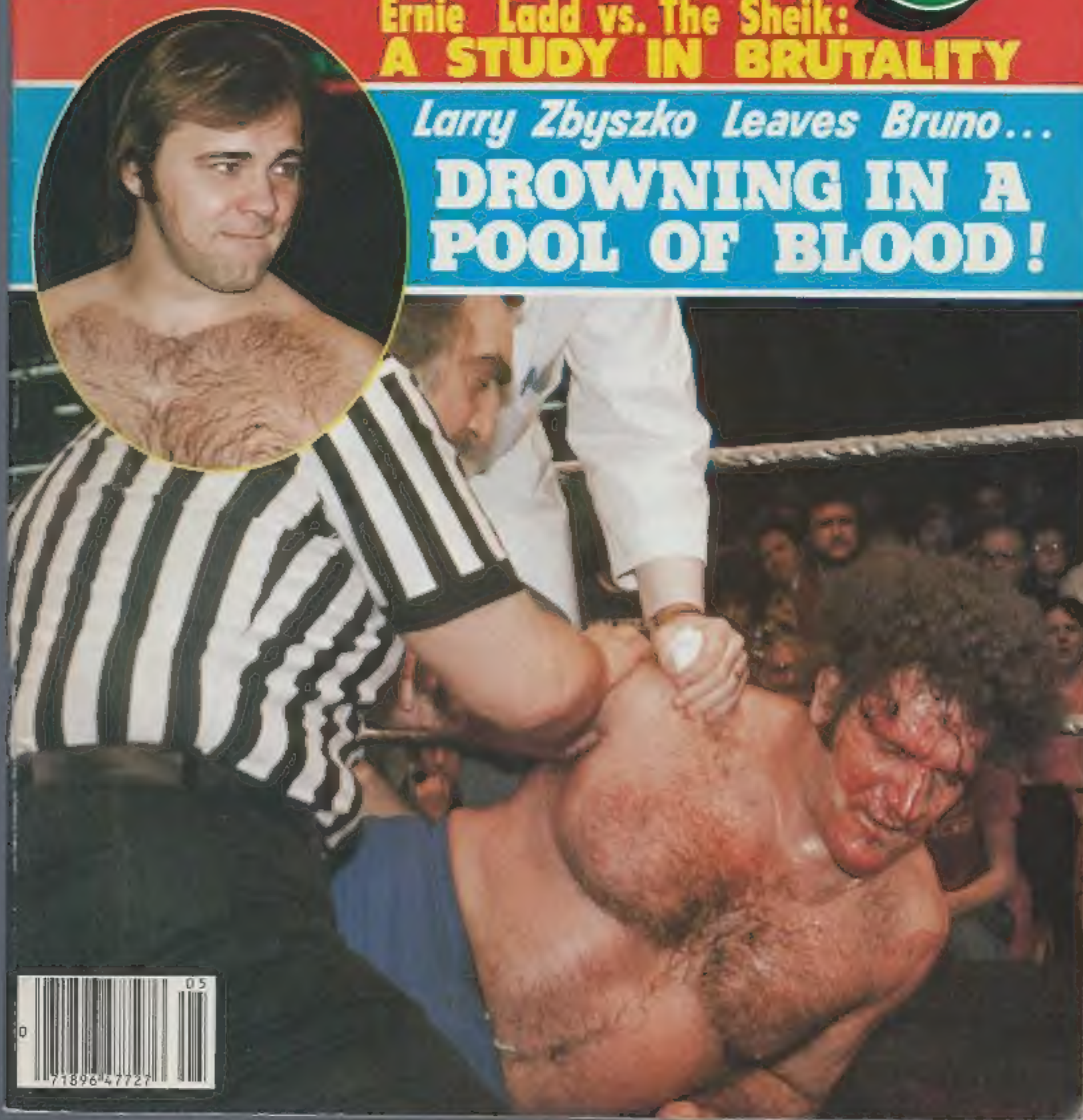
May 1980  
47727 X \$1.25

# Wrestling

**Ernie Ladd vs. The Sheik:  
A STUDY IN BRUTALITY**

*Larry Zbyszko Leaves Bruno...*

**DROWNING IN A  
POOL OF BLOOD!**





# EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

Peter  
King

Editor-in-Chief

Friendship. It means different things to different people. To some it means caring. To others it means using.

Bruno Sammartino and Larry Zbyszko were friends. Were. Past tense. Now I don't know how they feel toward each other. Hatred? I don't think so. Are they enemies? Neither man believes they are. I guess the best description of what they are to each other is not-friends.

For years, Larry Zbyszko lived with the idea that people thought of him only as "Bruno's protege." Too many, that would be an ideal thing to be called. But apparently Larry found it distasteful. Now I remember an incident I had long forgotten. At the time it seemed so insignificant it made no impression on me, at least consciously. But it must have been very important indeed, because now, from the depths of my subconsciousness it has leapt to the front of my mind.

About three years ago, in Boston, both Larry and Bruno were on the same card at the Boston Gardens. I was there to cover the night's matches for INSIDE WRESTLING. About an hour before the first bout began, Bruno and Larry arrived at the arena together. As they carried their suitcases through the dressing room area, a stupid, non-thinking member of the wrestling press (not from our magazines) said, "Look, there goes Bruno...and little Bruno." I looked for a smile on Larry's face. There was none. He was biting his lower lip and his eyes were hard and, well, they were filled with hate. But for whom? The stupid editor who made the unthinking remark? Or maybe for Bruno himself.

Since, the friendship between Bruno and Larry has dissolved. And of course, the two engaged in a wild bout on television. More matches between them may occur. That Larry made Bruno bleed is heartbreaking. But if Bruno makes Larry bleed, that will be the tragedy.



# ON THE ROAD

with  
GARY MORGENSTEIN

MADISON  
SQUARE GARDEN  
NEW YORK CITY

MAPLE LEAF GARDEN  
TORONTO

MINNEAPOLIS  
AUDITORIUM  
MINNEAPOLIS

THE SCOPE  
NORFOLK

THE SUPERDOME  
NEW ORLEANS

MID-SOUTH  
COLISEUM  
MEMPHIS

THE SPECTRUM  
PHILADELPHIA

THE OLYMPIA  
LOS ANGELES

THE KIEL  
ST. LOUIS

COBOY HALL  
DETROIT

THE SUMMIT  
HOUSTON

THE OMNI  
ATLANTA

MIAMI BEACH  
AUDITORIUM  
MIAMI

CIVILIZATION ABSOLUTELY ASTONISHES The Samoans. I made the mistake of inviting Afa and Sika, along with their manager, Lou Albano, to my home. Ostensibly, this was an interview. What resulted would have pleased The Three Stooges, Groucho Marx, and war historians.

They walked through the door, heads shaking in childlike wonderment, eyes blinking with disbelief. I extended my hand and Afa, the intellectual of the duo, seized my pinky ring and proceeded to slip it into his mouth.

"I told them to relax, in Samoan," explained Albano as we sat in the living room. Rather, Albano and I sat while the Samoans inspected the modern gadgetry. Afa approached the television. Frowning, Afa pushed the screen. He giggled and motioned for Sika. His partner joined him and both ran fat fingers over the television. I tried to ignore their grunts and giggles long enough to ask Albano some questions.

"Where did you find The Samoans?" I asked, slipping on the tape recorder.



The Samoans had no idea what the man with the little box was doing, but when the flash went off, Captain Lou Albano (center) spent a half hour trying to calm them down.

Horrified, I watch as Afa spit the ring with a huge, fuzzy palm and tossed it to Sika. For a moment, they played catch with this family heirloom, while Albano chuckled.

"Those are my boys, just a couple of funsters," Albano chortled, slapping Afa on the back. Instantly, The Samoans formed a battle pose, legs locked, arms at their sides, eyes slitted menacingly. Albano barked a command, something I thought sounded suspiciously like "flurm."

"Well, Gary, that's a secret, you know, one I'm not privileged to reveal at this time, many innocents are involved, this is not cut-and-dried, let me assure everyone, all my loyal fans, that the Samoans are not alone, I'm not alone, you're not alone, together we will conquer wrestling, yes, all of us," Albano gushed, his face red from exertion.

"Are there more on the way?" I asked, appalled by the prospect. That was the last rational act of the

(Continued on page 48)



# Body Slams & Pinfalls

By Dan Shocket

**T**HERE IS NO reason to be surprised. Pat Patterson has decided to become a fan favorite. It's happened before.

There's nothing wrong with Pat Patterson that a little backbone wouldn't cure. The man has spent

whim is bad for himself and bad for others. No one can or should trust Patterson. Even the fans who now adore him should know better. It never did take much to win the fans' trust.

Quickly, a short explanation of Patterson's

Instead of trying to work out the problem, Patterson turned on his former friends and proclaimed himself a scientific wrestler. What kind of man deserts his principles because of a slight? Not much of a man at all.

One of the most disgraceful exhibitions ever witnessed saw this turncoat wrestle Ken Patera. It was sickening. Patterson veritably glowed as he received the fans' cheers. The cheap affection of the crowd was all Patterson wanted. Patterson sells himself cheap.

As for the match itself, the less said the better. Patera was his usual brilliant self. Patterson tried to mask his inferiority by claiming Patera cheated. What can you expect of a man whose principles change faster than the weather?

After the match, Patera swore, "I don't care what happens from now on. I hate Patterson. I don't care if he changes more times than a stoplight. The guy gives me the creeps."

The first question to ask

(Continued on page 54)



Pat Patterson wrestles Ivan Koloff prior to coming into the WWF. He was a fan favorite at that time, turned bad, and has now emerged as a favorite again. Dan Shocket feels he cannot be trusted.

his professional career rushing to the side that offer him the most. Controlled by greed and temper, Pat Patterson has no real ideals or vision.

Someone should tell Pat that a scheme is not a vision. If he wants to be great, he should decide what course to take and stay on it. Changing at

latest betrayal. In a tag team match in which he wrestled with the Samoans, there were crossed signals. Patterson thought Lou Albano was telling his team not to tag Patterson. Patterson lost his temper, attacked Albano. The Samoans came to their manager's aid. Patterson declared war.



# TOP SECRET

## Behind the Dressing Room Door

by Stu  
Saks

**W**HEN I RECEIVED the assignment, I thought it was a cruel joke. Actually, I suppose that it was my fault I received the assignment in the first place. And admittedly, I was pretty upset about it.

My problems began one Monday morning when I was writing captions for this magazine. I came across a picture of Bugsy McGraw and I mentioned that I had never seen him wrestle. Through the corner of my eye, I saw Editor-in-Chief Peter King wink at Managing Editor Bill Apter. Pete then came over to my desk. "So you've never seen Bugsy wrestle, eh," he said.

I never had. I've done some traveling on this job and I've even been through Florida where he wrestles. But I always missed him. I do know of his reputation, however. "He's really crazy," Peter said. "You've seen George 'The Animal' Steele. Well, this guy is even crazier."

"Sounds like the kind of guy I'd like to do a story on," I said. Everybody in the office knew I was kidding, and I even suspect Pete did, but he told me, "I want you to go down to Florida and get an interview with him."

"You've got to be kidding," I said. "From what I've heard, this guy is a real madman. He's not going to have anything to say."

Peter seemed to be real serious so I wasn't quite sure if he was kidding anymore. "I want the article by Thursday," he said and walked away.

I really thought I had my first impossible assignment. How could I interview this man? He'll probably just grunt.

*(Continued on page 58)*



# NAMES MAKING

Nature Boy **RIC FLAIR** put his looks on the line when he agreed to have his head shaven if **GENE ANDERSON**, manager of **JIMMY SNUKA**, could beat him. Anderson used all his evil know-how, but he was unable to find the key to remove Ric's locks . . . **MR. WRESTLING II** is the Georgia heavyweight champion once again. Former champion **MASKED SUPERSTAR** has surfaced in the Mid-Atlantic region with a new tag team partner, **MASKED SUPERSTAR #2**.



**MR. WRESTLING II**

**KEVIN VON ERICH** now holds double title honors. Besides being the proud owner of the Missouri State belt, Kevin has won the American championship in Texas . . . **MIL MASCARAS** gets his shot at **HARLEY RACE** and the NWA title in Houston. We will bring you full coverage in one of our issues in the near future . . . In St. Louis, **ANDRE THE GIANT** and **BRUISER** split the prize money in a 16-man battle royal . . . **SUPERSTAR GRAHAM** and **BRUNO SAM-MARTINO** are battling in Texas



**KEVIN VON ERICH**

. . . **PAMPERO FIRPO** is looking to sign with WWF promoters . . . **SUSAN SEXTON** is eyeing a rematch against **KITTY ADAMS** after their most recent brawl.

**BOB ARMSTRONG** and **DICK SLATER** are a red hot team in Tennessee . . . AWA Southern tag kings **WAYNE FARRIS** and **LARRY LATHAM** continue to defend their honors . . . **PEDRO MORALES** has returned to the



**PAMPERO FIRPO**

Mid-Atlantic region . . . **IVAN KOLOFF** says that **ALEXIS SMIRNOFF** is the best tag team partner he has ever had . . . **TERRY FUNK** is contemplating a return to Florida rings. Sunshine State fans hope he won't return—ever!

**CRUSHER** holds more pinfall victories in tag team matches over AWA champion **NICK BOCK-WINKEL** than does any other AWA grappler . . . **GREG VALENTINE** and **RAY STEVENS** hold a controversial non-title victory over tag team champions **RICK STEAMBOAT** and **JAY YOUNGBLOOD** . . . **STEVE KEIRN** is headed to the WWF . . . **JESSE VENTURA** and **ADRIAN ADONIS** hope to get a title match against AWA tag team kings **VERNE GAGNE** and **MAD DOG VACHON**.

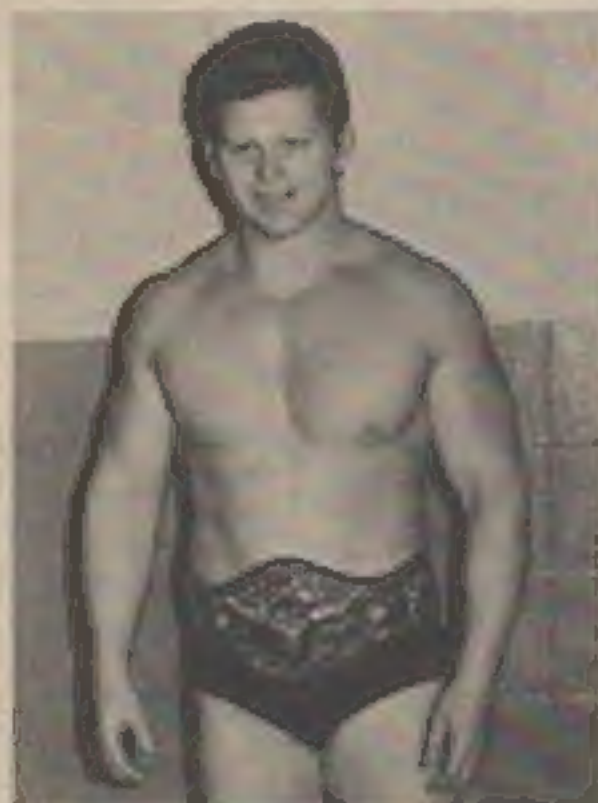


**ADONIS & VENTURA**



# N' NEWS

Bill Apter  
reporting...



**BOB BACKLUND**

BOB BACKLUND hopes to defend his WWF title again in Georgia. Bob has gone against some of Georgia's top grapplers recently and loves the competition . . . JIM GARVIN has returned to the Florida mat wars . . . DICK MURDOCH and DUSTY RHODES are teaming all over the country. Murdoch plans to go to Florida with Dusty and help him in his war against the army of SIR



**JIM GARVIN**

OLIVER HUMPERDINK.

FRED BLASSIE sends word out that his protegee, HULK HOGAN, is willing to take on all three recognized world champions on the same day. "He can beat any one of them with ease," says Blassie. "Backlund is just a little punk kid. Hulk will finish him in two minutes. Bockwinkel, he's gone in about three minutes and Race, that guy in maybe five—six at the most."

Manager wars: J.J. DILLON and GARY HART still have not settled their differences in Texas. Neither have AWA managers



**GARY HART**

LORD AL HAYS and BOBBY HEENAN.

BRUISER and SPIKE HUBER are racking up an impressive victory streak in the WWA areas . . . ERNIE LADD and BRUISER BRODIE say they were approached by a certain very well respected manager who offered



**GRAND WIZARD**

them \$200,000 to let him handle their tag team career. They say they nixed the offer because they won't accept anything under \$900,000. "It was an insult to be offered such a small amount," says Ladd.

We have heard that THE GRAND WIZARD is looking for a tag team partner for KEN PATERA. But Patera says he doesn't want to get involved in tag team matches . . . GEORGE WELLS is doing great in California as is rookie TOM PRITCHARD . . . MIKE GRAHAM says his match against Japan's TATSUMI FUJINAMI was one of the greatest experiences of his life. "It gave me an opportunity to wrestle scientifically for awhile," notes the popular Graham. "He is one helluva great wrestler." Fujinami shares the same feelings for Graham's talent.

That's all for now. See you next month! □





# Matt Brock's **PLAIN SPEAKING**

**NEW YORK, NY**—When your stomach growls, feed it. So I step into the nearest dimly lit establishment and order up a cheeseburger with fries. Seemed like a nice place, bunch of guys talking and drinking. Figure I won't be noticed, no autographs, sit and sip in silence. All of a sudden, a loud voice batters my skull. Pat Patterson appears from the back of the joint and hands me a warm greeting. Haven't seen him since he and the Captain had a little tit-tat (Brock's been getting culture from a new lady friend). Pat's changed. A certain contentiousness and arrogance is gone, replaced by pained embitteredness. As much as he hates Captain Lou, Patterson is hurt by the betrayal of both Albano and the Grand Wizard. Patterson told me how difficult it has become to trust someone. We got off on a long tangent about

relationships, friendships, and the quality of New York vs. Brooklyn pizza. Pat wants to go things alone for a while. He wants to wrestle all types of people. I bid Patterson a fond farewell, reassured him he would pursue his ambitions despite the wounds life has inflicted.

**RICHMOND, VA**—Sit down and get your hats blocked, Matt has scoop for you. Paul Jones will turn good guy again! Yes, Paul Jones, the man who turned and blackmailed Rick Steamboat, the man who spit at the fans, will turn into a scientific wrestler. How did this stunning transformation happen? Credit Baron Von Raschke for making Jones see the light. Now Jones won't admit to any of this. If you ask Jones, he'll sneer and snap in typical Jones fashion. He'll insult the fans, their intelligence and ancestry. Besides, he'll put down every



**PAT PATTERSON**



**Harder than nails, veteran wrestling reporter Matt Brock has logged more miles covering wrestling than any other journalist. Every month Matt will travel to the sport's hotbeds, reporting everything he sees without fear or favor**

scientific wrestler around. But for reasons still unknown, Jones and Von Raschke, former partners, wrestled each other with all the inflamed passions rivals demonstrate. Perhaps Jones misses the cheers of the fans. Perhaps he saw what life is like on the other side of the wrestling tracks and wants back. When he does announce a return to the scientific wrestling world, Jones better anticipate widespread skepticism from the fans. And his colleagues. Paul Jones must undo a great deal of damage before he is again accepted without doubt. If ever.

**HARTFORD, CT**—Back up in the WWF because I couldn't resist. What the hell are the Samoans? Animal, human, or mutated plant life? First time I saw them, I nearly fainted. During the big war (fans can guess, but for all you funsters, it wasn't the War of 1812), old Matt was stationed in Guam. Things got pretty hairy for a while. Rumors persisted Scotland was declaring neutrality and some joker flipped and tossed all the poker chips into the Pacific. Anyway, I was doing jungle patrol, which consisted of taking my rifle and passing out under a tree, when a rumbling noise awoke me. Beasts with frizzy hair rumbled past. I didn't know what they were and swiftly slid under a large plant until they passed. These Samoans look a little like those creatures. Tried to interview them. One of them, can't tell the difference, backed into the corner, horrified at my tape recorder. His partner, the good-looking one, seized the mike and shoved it into his mouth. Civilization amazes the Samoans. Albano will not reveal many details of their past life. Since the Samoans only speak some garbled, unintelligible tongue, which sounds like Matt at three a.m. on a Saturday morning. In all my years as a wrestling writer, I've never seen anything quite like the Samoans. I promise our readers a full-scale story into their bizarre careers in a future issue of **INSIDE WRESTLING**. □

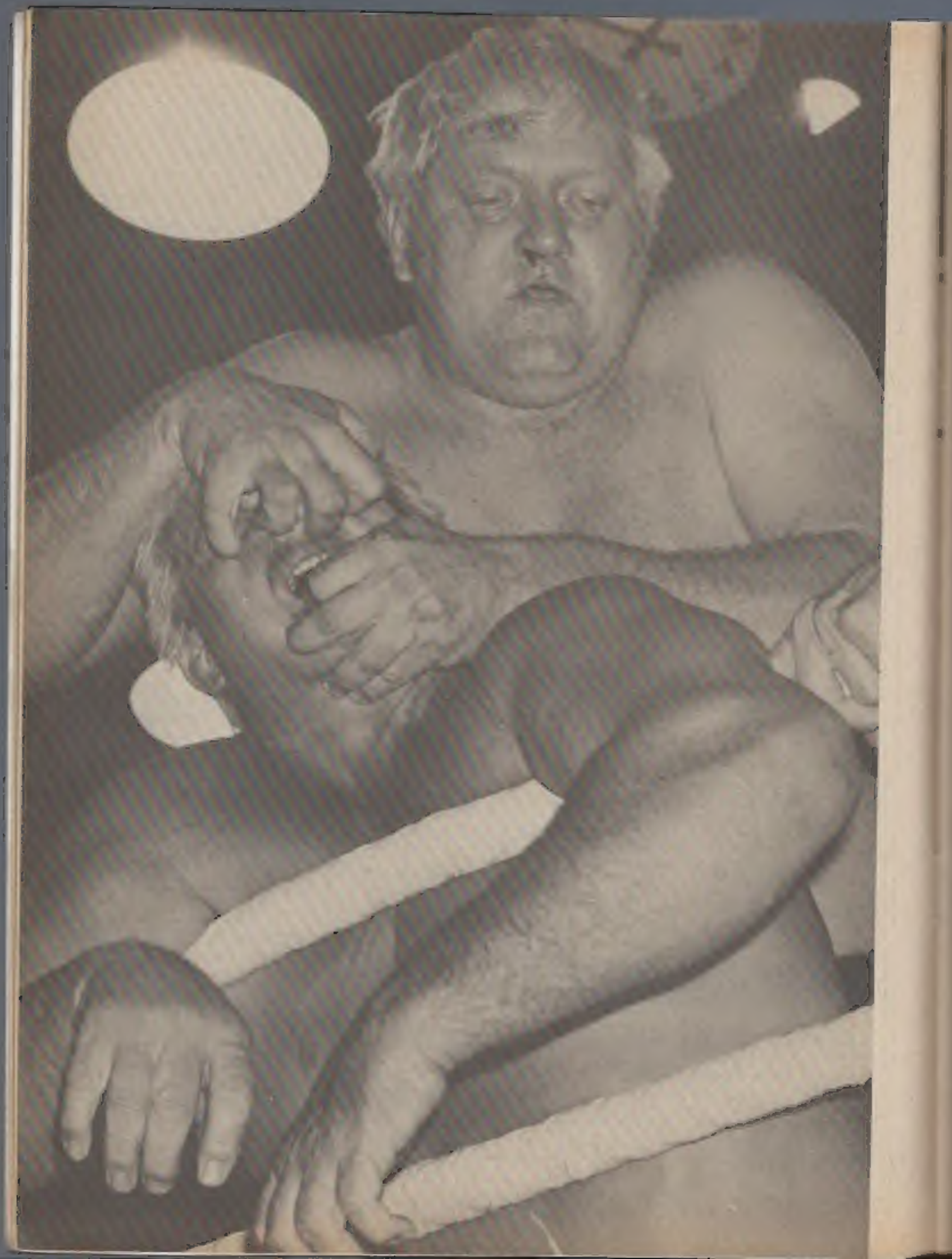


**PAUL JONES**



**THE SAMOANS**







# DICK MURDOCH: WHY HE PRETENDS TO BE CRAZY

By Dan Shocket

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**Is he or isn't he?  
Has Dick Murdoch  
really slipped over  
the thin line  
which separates  
the sane  
from the crazy?  
Will he twitch,  
spasm and dribble  
his way across  
the squared circle?  
Or is he merely  
pretending?  
If so, why?**

---

PHOTOS BY ROGER DEEM



Dick Murder Murdoch rips into the nostril and mouth of Bruiser (opposite left) and has his head slammed into a ringside table (above). Murdoch wants it to be known that he is "crazy," mainly to put a scare into Kevin Von Erich, the holder of the Missouri State title.

**T**HERE'S A HOLE in the motel room wall. A few seconds before, Dick Murdoch's fist was in it. Now Murdoch examines the damage and smiles.

"Crazy people do things like that," Murdoch tells me. "Write that I'm crazy."

Dick Murdoch is crazy as a fox. He's pushing himself to the physical and mental limits. Of course, when you push to the limits, there's always the risk of going too far. That's a chance Murdoch is ready to take. For him, nothing is more important than regaining his Missouri title.

"I'm going to batter Kevin Von Erich senseless," Murdoch vows, referring to the man who took the Missouri belt from him. "He's kept

the belt much too long. It's an insult to me."

It's almost frightening to watch Murdoch flirt with going too far, getting too brutal. His recent match against Bruiser will someday be regarded as a classic. It was a superb exhibition of wrestling virtuosity. It was also the most violent sporting event in years.

From the opening bell, Murdoch was a whirlwind of fury. Even Bruiser couldn't contain his gouging savagery. The former champ went at his veteran foe with what appeared to be a mad abandon. Only those familiar with Murdoch could see there was a method behind the madness.

*Continued on page 52.*



# HOTSEAT

**BLACKJACK MULLIGAN:**

**"I'M OUT TO**

**MAKE SURE**

**NOBODY**

**KILLS WRESTLING"**

***F**OR MOST OF his career, he wrestled as one of the sport's most feared rulebreakers. Many consider him the most dangerous tag team partner of all time. He recently decided to wrestle scientifically. His decision is still sending shock waves through wrestling. He is now the enforcer of the Mid-Atlantic area. He is Blackjack Mulligan.*

**INTERVIEW CONDUCTED  
BY STEVE FARHOOD**

**Q:** Welcome to the Hotseat

**A:** Thanks

**Q:** Are you tired of talking about why you changed from a rulebreaker to fan favorite?

**A:** Yep.

**Q:** Would you do it one more time?

**A:** No. I don't have to explain myself to anybody. I do what I want when I want. Anybody doesn't like it, they know

where to get me.

**Q:** How does it feel to wrestle some of your old friends?

**A:** I like it fine. They think they can run roughshod over wrestling. They think they're

“

**They think they're bigger than wrestling. Nobody's bigger than wrestling. It's a lesson I'm glad to teach them.”**

”

bigger than wrestling. Nobody's bigger than wrestling. It's a lesson I'm glad to teach them.

**Q:** That sounds a lot like the reason you changed from rulebreaker to fan favorite.

**A:** It'll do as good as any.

**Q:** When did you first feel wrestling was bigger than any wrestler?

**A:** That's personal.

**Q:** I think that kind of discovery could be important to everybody.

**A:** Okay. After the last time Blackjack Lanza and I lost our tag team title, we decided to take a "vacation." A long vacation. We figured we'd punish wrestling for stealing our titles. Well, wrestling went on without us. That was a real shocker. I started thinking. For years, I'd been taking from wrestling without giving. It was time to give something back.

**Q:** So you became an enforcer.

**A:** You could say that.

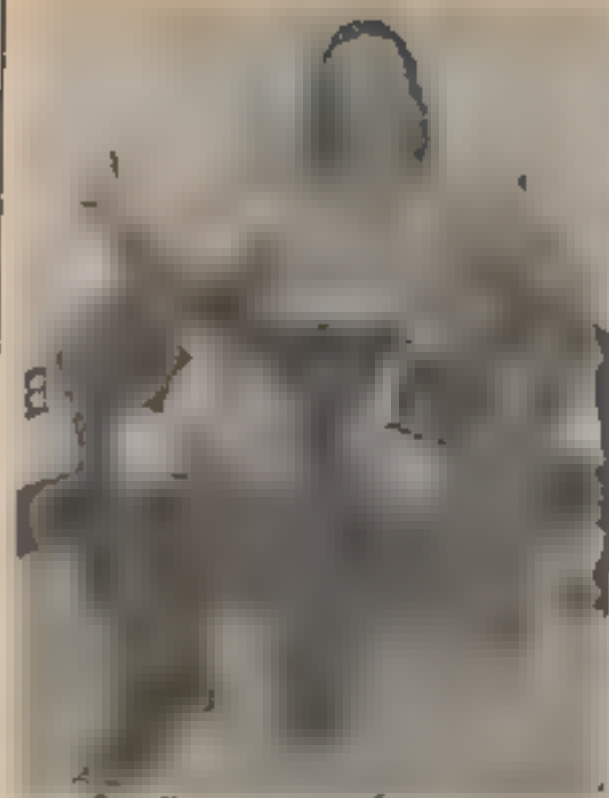
**Q:** Is there anyone you wouldn't wrestle from your old days?

**A:** I'd break Blackjack Lanza in two if it would help wrestling.









66

I don't befriend anybody. I work with other people if we have a common goal. The goal is important. The people aren't.

99

Lanza used to be my best friend, but he still wrestles dirty. Sooner or later, I'll have a showdown with Lanza and only one of us will walk out of the ring

**Q:** Concerning your new friends

**A:** I don't have *any* friends. At least, not in wrestling. Things change too violently in this sport to have real friends. Every wrestler in the world is my potential enemy

**Q:** Yet, you do befriend men like Rick Steamboat and Ric Flair

**A:** I don't befriend anybody. I work with other people if we have a common goal. The goal is important. The people aren't. My goal won't change if Ric Flair becomes a rule-breaker tomorrow

**Q:** And what is your goal?

**A:** I'm out to make sure nobody



Above: The referee tries to break Mulligan's clawhold as opponent Masked Superstar loses consciousness. Left: Mulligan scoops and slams Big John Studd



kills wrestling. Rats like Jimmy Snuka, Greg Valentine, and Ray Stevens would destroy the sport for a few bucks. I've got to make sure they fail.

**Q:** How do you plan to do that?

**A:** Jimmy Snuka's career will end in a match against me. I

hate the man. He turned his back on wrestling and his friends. I have to teach him a lesson. And I've got to teach a lesson to anyone thinking of following in the bum's footsteps

**Q:** What about Valentine and Stevens?

**A:** If Valentine and Stevens have any reign as tag team champions, I'll find me a partner and beat them into oblivion. Stevens has said a lot of bad things about me, and it's about time I shut his mouth

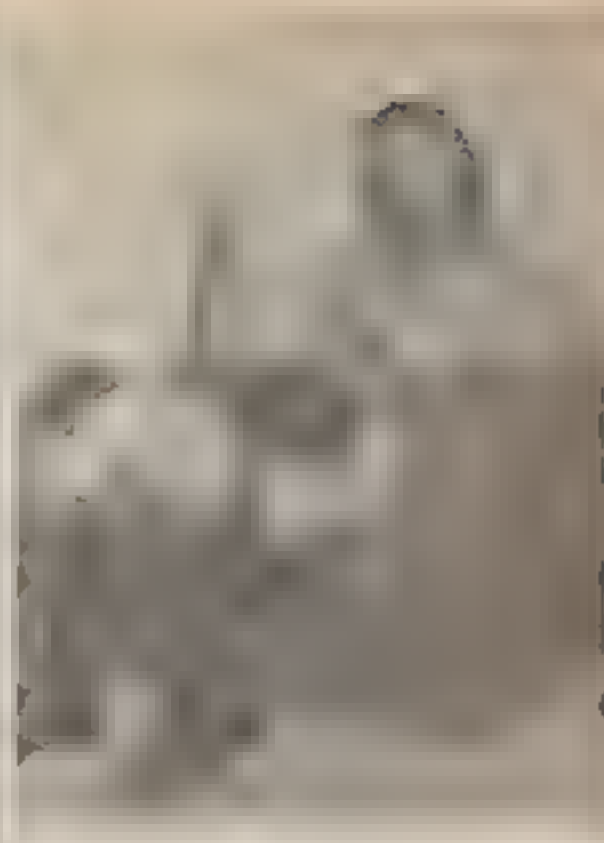
**Q:** Being a fan favorite hasn't made you any friendlier.

**A:** Nope. I'm still in wrestling to crack heads. I like violence. I'm most alive when someone is battered senseless by me. It's a feeling I can't describe





Baron von Raschke's claws stopped as a bleeding Morgan grabs the Baron's arm. This bout was one of the bloodiest ever seen in the Mid-Atlantic.



“

Within a year, I'll be NWA champ and Harley Race will be wrestling prelims in Oshkosh. It'll be good for wrestling if I'm champ. It'll be good for me, too.

”

...ms in Oshkosh. It'll be good for wrestling if I'm champ. It'll be good for me, too.

Q: What makes you so sure of yourself?

A: I get what I want, no matter what. I want the NWA belt.

Q: If you become champion, then what?

A: It'll be the greatest thing for wrestling since the invention of the ring. I'll defeat Bob Backlund and Nick Bockwinkel, become the one true world champion, then tour the world and take on all comers. I'll be immortal, remembered in the record books for all time.

Q: You don't plan small.

A: I don't have to.

Q: Well, thanks very much for being on the Hotseat.

A: I'm glad it's over. Talk isn't very important to me. Action is all that counts. □

but I can't live without

Q: Have you always felt like that?

A: Yeah. I guess that's why I became a rulebreaker. Ever feel the electricity a guy gives off when he's squirming in agony? Rulebreakers can make people squirm more than other guys. Of course, no matter what, I make people squirm.

Q: How do you feel when an opponent is being taken out on a stretcher?

A: I feel like I put in a good day's work. It's his job not to get hurt. Don't expect me to feel

bad if some bum can't do his job.

Q: Do you think wrestling has to be this violent?

A: Nothing has to be anything. People choose to make wrestling violent. People who like violence are attracted to it. I'm attracted to it.

Q: Do you ever worry about getting hurt?

A: No. I do my job.

Q: We haven't mentioned Harley Race or the NWA title yet.

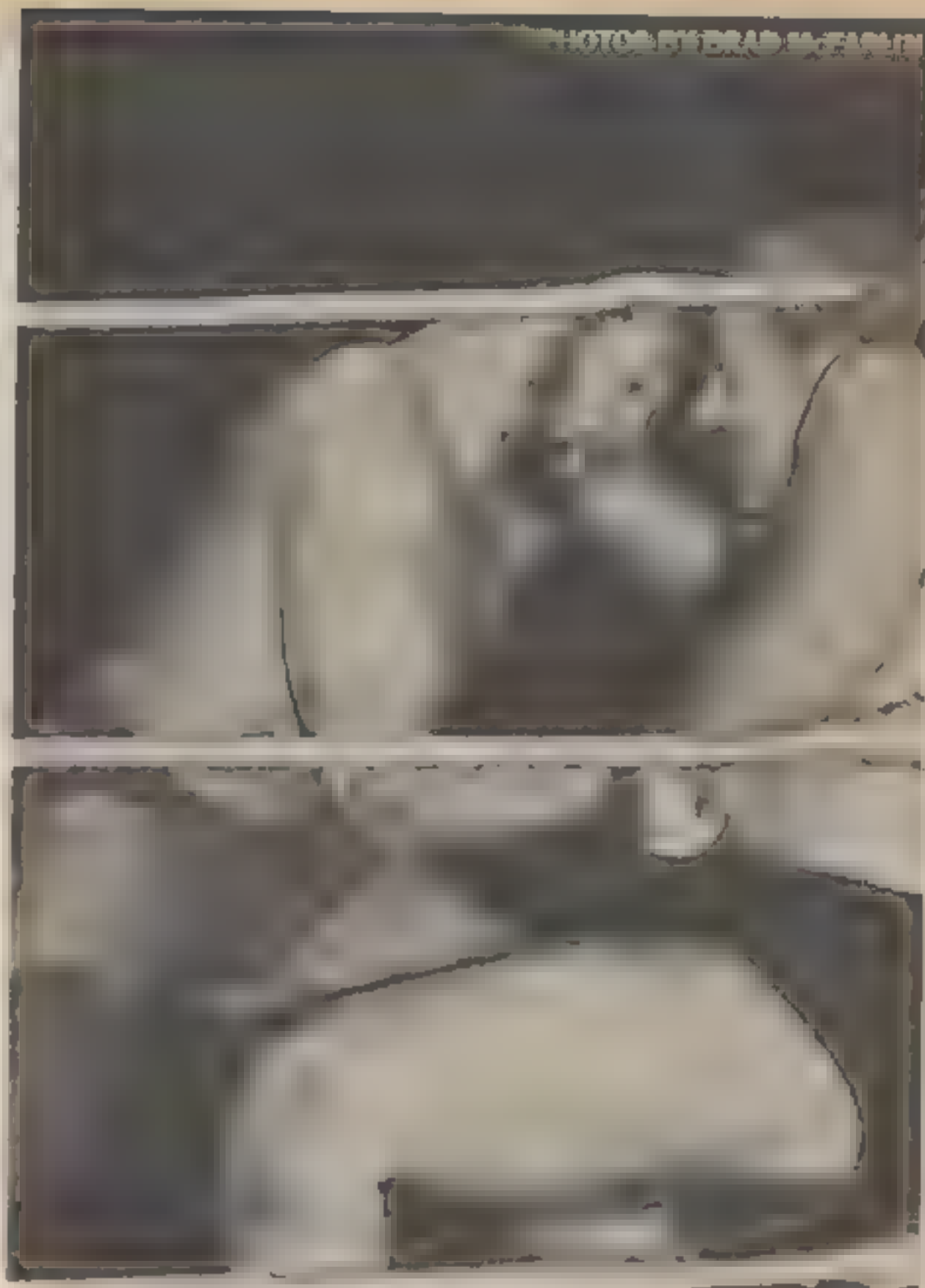
A: No need. Within a year, I'll be NWA champ and Harley Race will be wrestling pre-



They are two warped men intent on demolishing, perhaps mutilating each other.

It was a match so horrible, so cruel fans left by the dozens, unable to withstand the crunching cacophony of terror. Only Ernie Ladd and The Sheik are capable of such unrelenting barbarism

**Ernie  
Ladd  
vs.  
The  
Sheik:**



Ernie Ladd rips into the Sheik's midsection in the corner

# A STUDY IN BRUTALITY



**E**VERY MAN HAS to prove to himself that he is a man. Some men shoot the rapids in a canoe; some hunt big game with a bow and arrow; some climb sheer cliffs thousands of feet high; and some battle The Sheik.

Ernie Ladd stared the reporter straight in the eye and swore, "I'm the toughest wrestler in the world. No man, no two men, and no army can stop me. Some people think The Sheik is too tough for me. They say he's the toughest man alive." Ladd grinned coldly, looking like a snake must feel before striking. "I'm getting

ready to show the world that The Sheik isn't tough at all."

Ladd's huge frame arose and ambled toward the door. Ernie walks with the kind of swagger that makes other men give him plenty of room. His hand was on the doorknob when he turned around and made a final statement.

"After this match," he promised, "The Sheik won't be able to show his face. Yep, after this match, no one will have to wonder who's the toughest wrestler around."

Ladd then left.

The night of the match, Ladd didn't seem all that sure of



Ladd awaits medical attention in the dressing room following the bout. His disqualification victory was hardly satisfying.

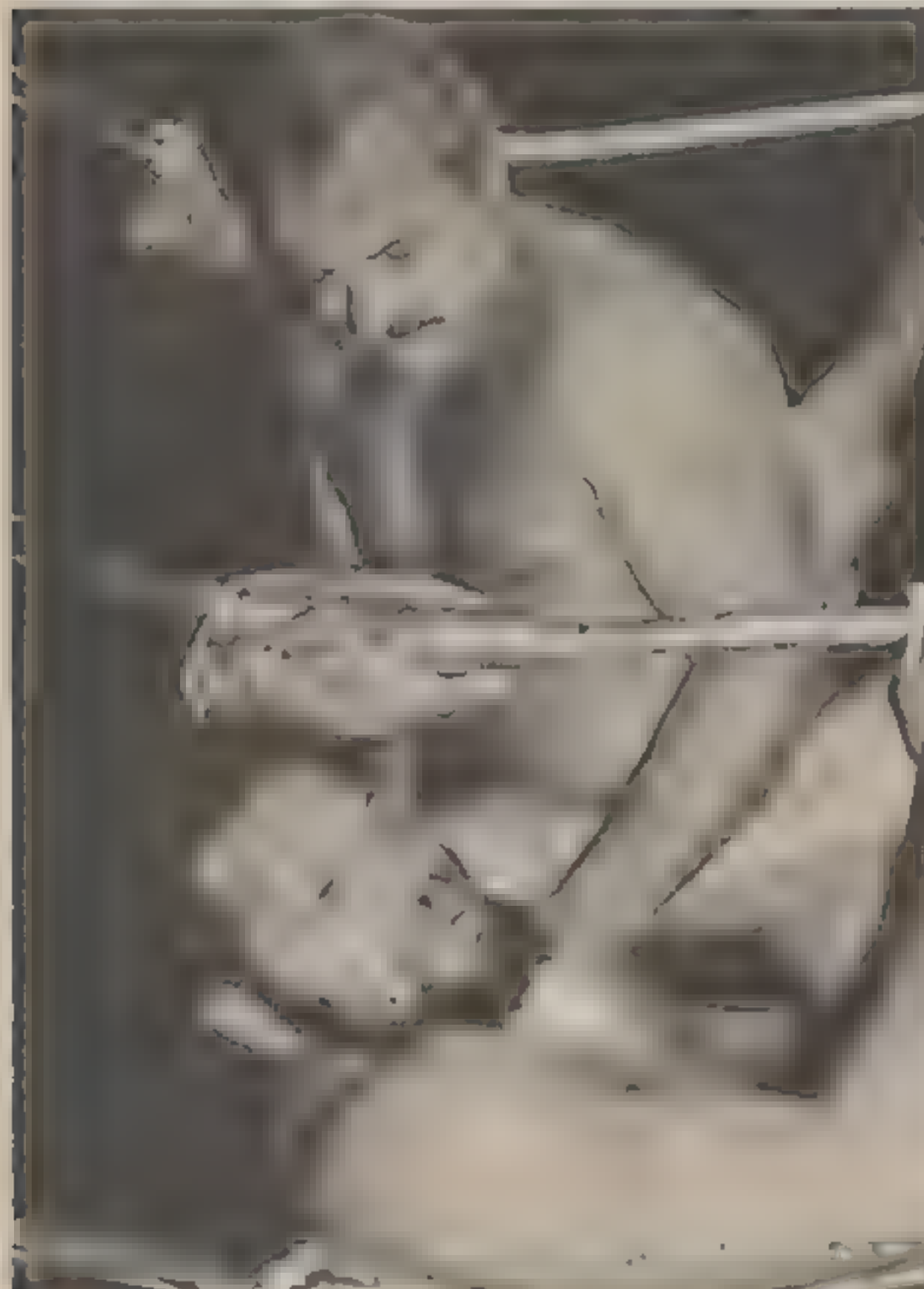
himself. He paced the dressing room like a caged animal. Despite what he bragged, Ladd knew The Sheik was always dangerous. Too many people—great athletes—discovered their match against The Sheik was their last match ever. In every wrestler, one can recount at least a single instant of mercy or compassion. Every wrestler except The Sheik.

In his dressing room, The Sheik sat almost perfectly still. There's comfort in madness, and The Sheik is mad. Only a madman can know no fear, and The Sheik fears nothing. Many wrestlers claim to fear nothing, but only The Sheik would calmly risk his career to execute an almost impossible maneuver. Many wrestlers have been left shaking after only watching films of The Sheik wrestle.

Finally, it was time for the confrontation to begin. It promised to be a bloody battle to determine the supremacy of wrestling cruelty. Once inside the ring ropes, Ladd no longer appeared worried. The bloodlust was in him and ached for combat.

The Sheik stared hard at his opponent, but it was impossible to tell what the wily Arab was

*(Continued on page 50)*



The Sheik digs his thumb into Ladd's windpipe.



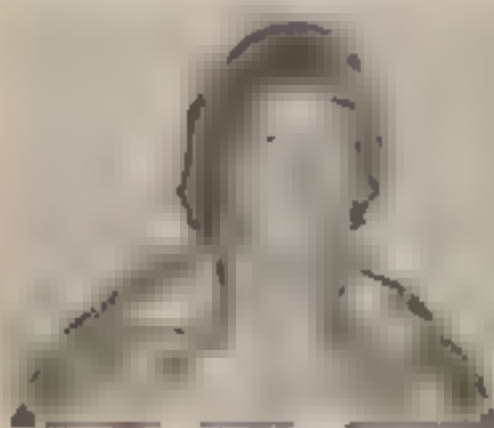
# NEWS FROM THE

If you would like your area of the country represented in these reports while also being officially credited with your own byline, send us reports of the matches you attend. You will have the thrill of seeing your name in an internationally known magazine while at the same time helping to improve the quality of wrestling in your area. So why not give it a try? You will be glad you did!

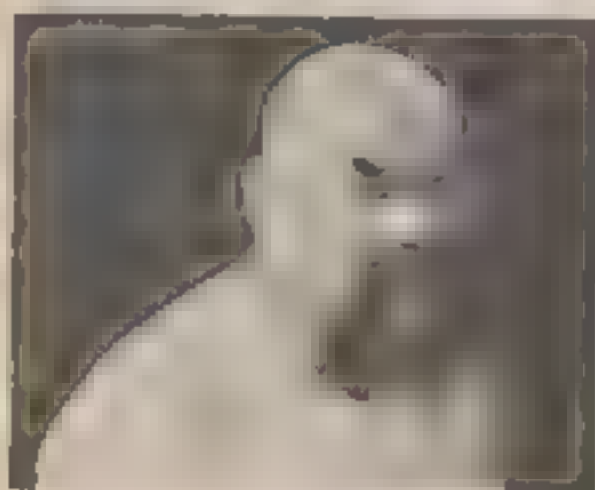
Send your reports to: Correspondent Editor, Box 48, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571

## DALLAS, TX

By Shawn Hodges



**KEVIN VON ERICH**  
vs.  
**OX BAKER**



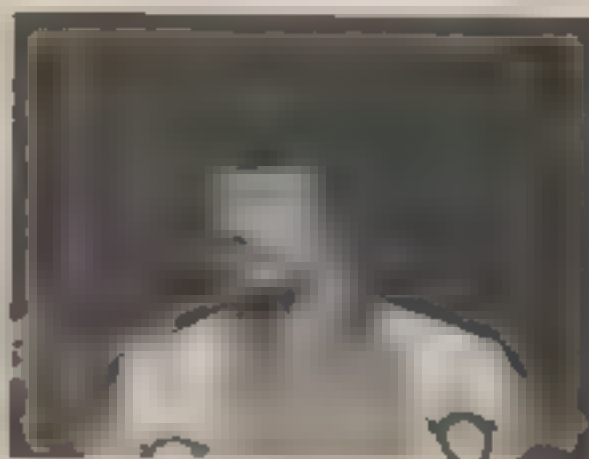
Kevin Von Erich brought the reign of Ox Baker as American Heavyweight champion to a quick halt. Kevin proved that despite his youth, he is in good enough condition to battle the sport's toughest men. It took him just over nine minutes to bring Baker to the canvas with his clawhold. Kevin was given the belt and was joined in the ring by his brothers, David and Kerry.

**OTHER BOUTS:** Mark Lewin was counted out against Kerry Von Erich.

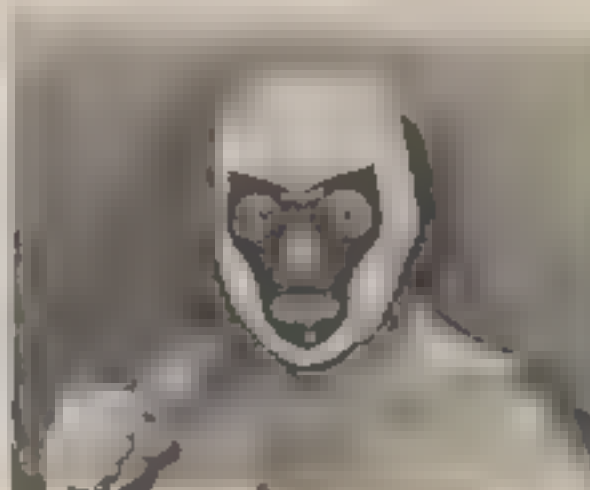
The Spoiler won by disqualification over David Von Erich. Dick Murdoch drew with Jonathan Boyd.

## GAINESVILLE, GA

By Leniz Sargent



**TERRY FUNK**  
vs.  
**MR. WRESTLING II**



The main event was a bloody bounty match. The action was so furious that it appeared both wrestlers would drop from exhaustion. Mr. Wrestling II assumed the upperhand. Killer Kahn, sensing defeat for his friend, attacked II while the referee's back was turned, setting up the victory for Funk.

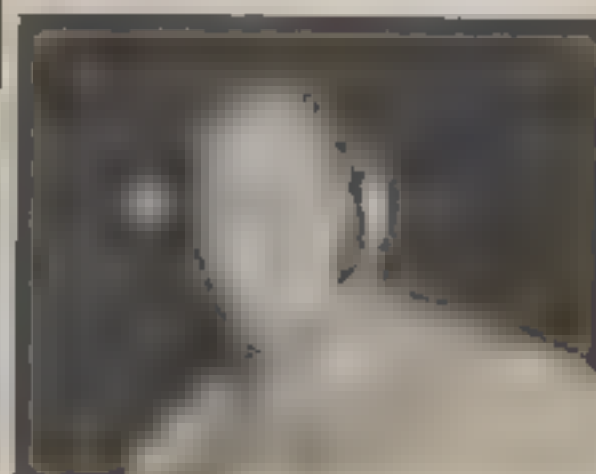
**OTHER BOUTS:** Bob Backlund defended his WWF belt against Austin Idol. Ivan Koloff and Alexis Smirnoff wrestled to a time-limit draw with Ole and Lars Anderson. Ray Candy won by disqualification over Killer Kahn.

## HAMPTON, VA

By George Clark



**RIC FLAIR**  
vs.  
**GENE ANDERSON**



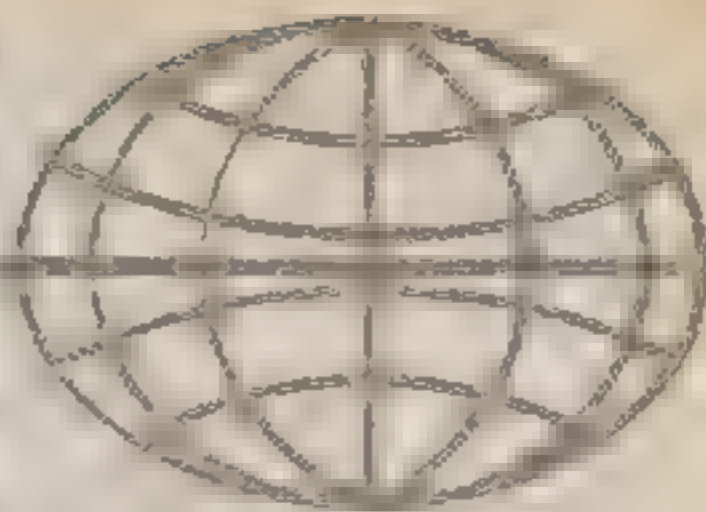
Flair had to defeat Anderson within 30 minutes with the figure-four leglock or have his head shaved with barber's shears. Anderson evaded Ric for the first few minutes of the match. However, the ever-cunning Flair took command of the bout and trapped Anderson in the figure-four with 12 minutes to spare. The "Golden Mane" was safe.

**OTHER BOUTS:** Jay Youngblood was knocked out with a foreign object by Ray "Crippler" Stevens.

Fabulous Moolah retained her title against Vivian St. John. Swede Hanson and Dewey Robertson got by Tony Garea and Tim "Mr. Wrestling" Woods.



# WRESTLING CAPITALS



## BALTIMORE, MD

By Leonard Helman Jr.



**IVAN PUTSKI**

vs.

**KEN PATERA**



Polish Power vs The World's Strongest Man Both wrestlers tried to prove their muscular capabilities in the early stages of the bout. Patera, knowing that he could not stand up to the tremendous power of Putski, resorted to his usual dirty tactics. These tactics caused Putski to fall outside the ring. The referee gave Putski a 10 count and declared Patera the controversial winner.

**OTHER BOUTS:** The Samoans defeated Tito Santana and Gorilla Monsoon . . . Hulk Hogan crushed Dominic DeNucci. Larry Zbyszko and Hussein Arab drew. Rene Goulet stopped Baron Scicluna.

## CALHOUN, GA

By Amanda Coates



**TOMMY RICH**

vs.

**AUSTIN IDOL**



Tommy Rich did not let the people down. He showed Austin Idol who was the real heart-throb. Idol did anything he could to beat Tommy, but it didn't do any good. The more Idol gave, the more Tommy gave back. Austin Idol should know by now not to mess with "Wildfire." He never learns.

**OTHER BOUTS:** Tony Atlas beat Rick Oliver . . . Buzz Sawyer defeated Carl Fergie.

## COMMACK, NY

By Steve Starlust



**BOB DUNCUM**

vs.

**BOB BACKLUND**



Both wrestlers hurt each other to the hard floor on numerous occasions. Backlund slammed Duncum to the concrete and the Texan retaliated with a back-breaker. The Champ managed to climb back into the ring and stunned Duncum with a brilliant maneuver just as the curfew bell sounded.

**OTHER BOUTS:** Hulk Hogan beat Tito Santana . . . Larry Zbyszko toppled Steve King . . . Dominic DeNucci defeated Johnny Rodz. Rene Goulet out-classed Baron Scicluna . . . Ivan Putski bested Hussein Arab.



# *Larry Zbyszko Leaves Bruno...*

## **DROWNING IN A POOL OF**



---

Few friends were as warm, as close as Bruno Sammartino and Larry Zbyszko. They shared everything. Yet a simmering resentment burnt at Zbyszko's insides. It burnt and gnawed and twisted until the hatred and rage spilled out in one frightening, bloody evening

---



**T**HERE'S AN OLD Roman saying, "It is better to kill your enemy than humiliate him. For sooner or later, you will have to kill him or he will kill you."

Someone mentioned that to Bruno Sammartino as the doctor stitched up the wrestler's wounds. Bruno nodded but said nothing. He was too sad to speak.

In another dressing room, Larry Zbyszko sat trembling. A thousand different thoughts jumbled in his brain as he tried to explain himself. He'd begin a sentence, shake his head, then start again. Suddenly, the trembling stopped.

"He didn't respect me," Larry said in a voice somewhere between a whisper and a hiss. "He treated me like a kid instead of an opponent. I can take a beating from anyone without going crazy. But he went after my pride! That's why I went after him."

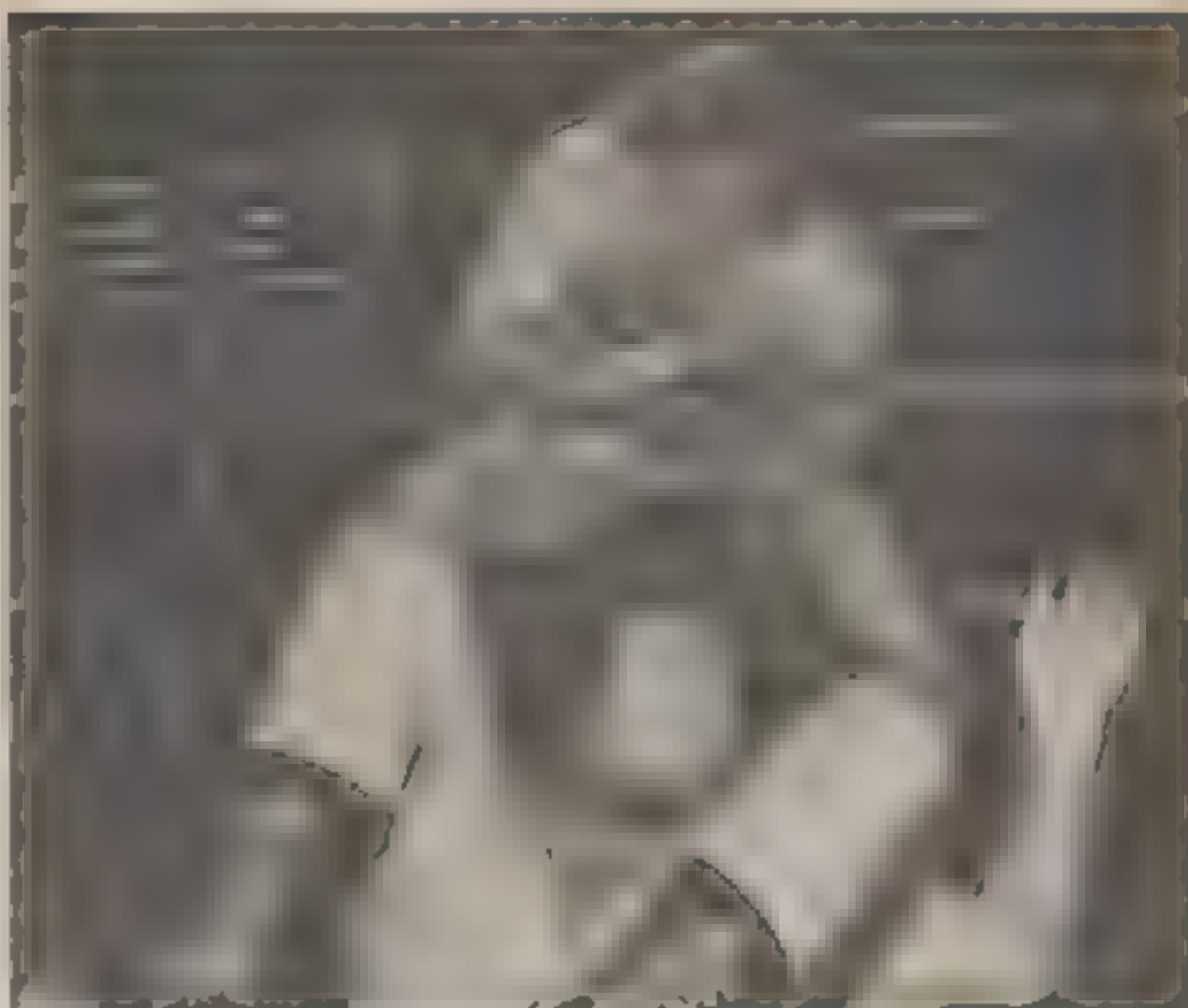
It was a strange and horrible ending to a sad series of events. Weeks before, Larry had felt himself smothered by the shadow of Bruno Sammartino. The wrestling legend had helped Larry from the beginning of the youngster's career. It was inevitable that Larry would be known as Bruno's grappler.

Over the years, Larry has enjoyed a successful and honorable career. However, his name has always been linked with Bruno's. Larry believed he would never have a career in his own right. He could never be his own man. It was time to cut himself away from Bruno Sammartino.

There was only one way to do it. Larry felt he had to wrestle

*(Continued on page 56)*

Top: Zbyszko shows the strain, Bruno the pain, of Larry's armdrag. Middle: Another view of the armdrag. Bottom: After seven minutes of scientific action, Larry goes berserk and grabs a ringside chair. Note an unconscious Bruno at the bottom of the photo.

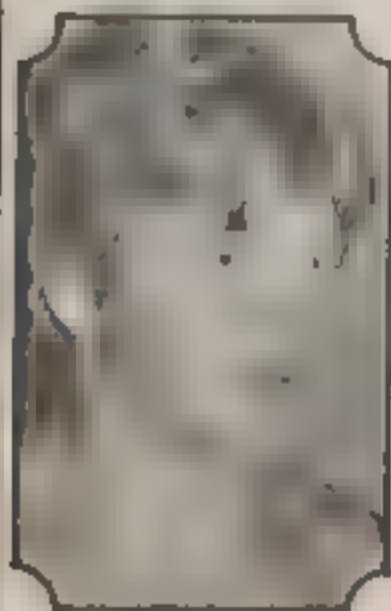




# INSIDE WRESTLING'S OFFICIAL RATINGS

These Ratings Are Compiled With The Assistance Of Top Wrestlers, Promoters,  
And Reporters They Are Universally Accepted As Official

## World Wrestling Federation

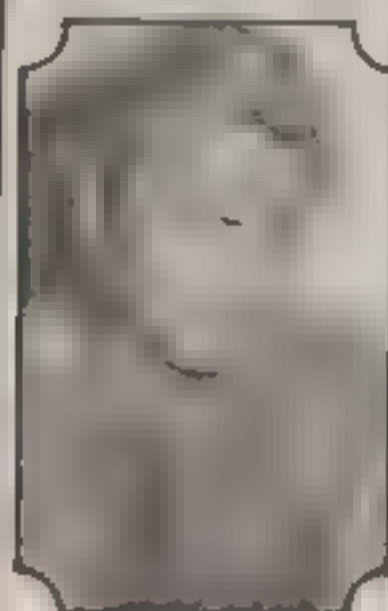


Champion:  
BOB BACKLUND



1—KEN PATERA

## American Wrestling Association



Champion:  
NICK BOCKWINKEL



1—VERNE GAGNE

## National Wrestling Alliance



Champion  
HARLEY RACE

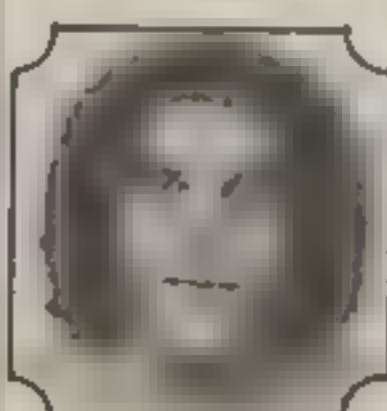


1—DUSTY RHODES

## Most Popular Wrestlers



1—DUSTY RHODES



2—ANDRE THE GIANT

## Most Hated Wrestlers



1—KEN PATERA

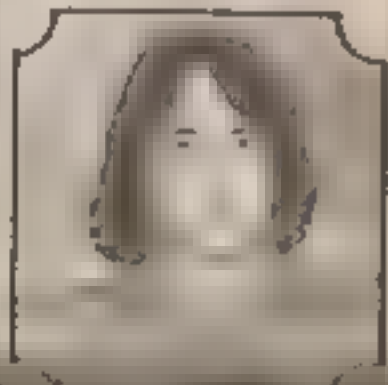


2—TERRY FUNK

## Tag Teams



1—THE SAMOANS







2—HULK HOGAN

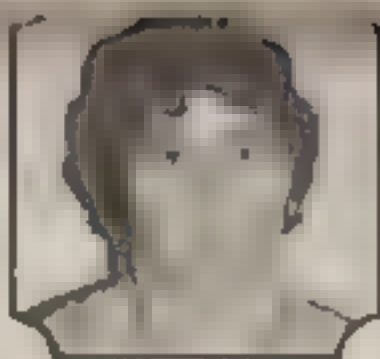


3—PAT PATTERSON



4—IVAN PUTSKI

5—BOBBY DUNCUM  
6—TONY ATLAS  
7—HUSSEIN ARAB  
8—TITO SANTANA  
9—LARRY ZBYSZKO  
10—RENE GOULET



2—DINO BRAVO



3—CRUSHER



4—GREG GAGNE

5—BILLY ROBINSON  
6—MAD DOG VACHON  
7—JESSE VENTURA  
8—SUPER  
DESTROYER II  
9—CRUSHER  
BLACKWELL  
10—PAUL ELLERING



2—JIMMY SNUKA



3—MR. WRESTLING II



4—MANNY  
~~MANFRED~~

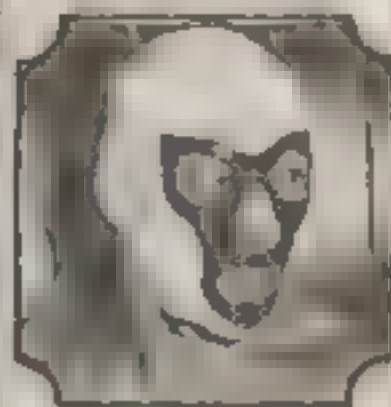
5—JIM BRUNZELL  
6—KEVIN VON ERICH  
7—MARK LEWIN  
8—MIL MASCARAS  
9—RIC FLAIR  
10—DAVID VON ERICH



3—IVAN PUTSKI



4—BOB BACKLUND



5—MR. WRESTLING II

6—RICK STEAMBOAT  
7—JACK BRISCO  
8—PAT PATTERSON  
9—WAHOO McDANIEL  
10—KEVIN VON ERICH



3—GREG VALENTINE



4—MASKED  
SUPERSTAR



5—ERNIE LADD

6—HULK HOGAN  
7—JERRY LAWLER  
8—MARK LEWIN  
9—EDDY MANSFIELD  
10—LARRY ZBYSZKO



2—RICK STEAMBOAT  
& JAY YOUNGBLOOD



3—VERNE GAGNE &  
MAD DOG VACHON

4—IVAN PUTSKI &  
TITO SANTANA  
5—IVAN KOLOFF &  
ALEXIS SMIRNOFF  
6—BRYAN ST. JOHN  
& STANLEY LANE  
7—RAY STEVENS &  
GREG VALENTINE  
8—MR. HITO & MR  
SAKURADA  
9—TIGER CONWAY JR  
& JOSE LOTHARIO  
10—DICK SLATER &  
BOB ARMSTRONG



# INSIDER

By STEVEN FARHOOD

## SCOOP OF THE MONTH

A major national publishing company has offered Terry Funk \$100,000 to write a startling, no-holds-barred book on professional wrestling!

The book concerns Funk's years in the squared circle, presented in an honest, open fashion.

Early reports indicate that Funk is seriously considering the publishing company's offer. While the publishing executives

wouldn't comment on this matter, a mail room clerk, who happens to be a loyal wrestling fan, is more than willing to speak.

The clerk, Charles Spoyer (pronounced Spoy-yay), came across an outline Funk presented on his project.

"I was sorting the mail, and when I spotted this thick letter with Terry Funk's return-address on the envelope, I couldn't help but sneak a peak," Spoyer said. "Inside the envelope were a lot of the ideas that Funk was thinking about basing the book on."

Spoyer listed several of the suggested chapters. Many of them seem controversial and dangerously informative. Among the chapters were *The Night I Saved My Brother From The Police*, *Why Jack Brisco Won't Live To See Forty*, *Harley Race: A Champion Petrified Of His Own Shadow*, and *Why I Broke Dusty Rhodes' Arm*.

"I don't know how serious Funk is about writing the book, but I do know that there aren't many things that mean more to him than \$100,000," said Spoyer.

Spoyer has promised to keep feeding us the word on the latest developments in this fascinating story. Needless to say, if Funk goes through with it, the secrets of a lot of wrestlers, managers, promoters, and fans will be revealed. Professional wrestling will never be the same!



Terry Funk may be spending some of his time behind a typewriter





Despite the extra-terrestrial appearance of his mask, Masked Superstar is a full-fledged member of the human race. His sanity, however, is questionable. Blackack Morgan writhes from the pain of Masked Superstar's Crotch Hold. Now fans fear that Masked Superstar's reign of terror is just beginning and the Mid-Atlantic states will never be the same.



## RUMOR VS. FACT

**RUMOR.** Wrestling insiders in the state of Georgia have been circulating the rumor that Masked Superstar is really a strange being from an alien world. Heavy research has revealed that no birth records and no family lineage can be found to trace Superstar's existence.

**FACT:** Though Masked Superstar often behaves as if the human race is a foreign species to him, this rumor is ridiculous and completely unfounded. If no one knows Superstar's real name or place of birth, how can they expect to find his past history? I will admit, however, the rumor that he escaped several years ago from a maximum-security insane asylum has never been disproved.

*Continued on page 62,*



# NICK BOCKWINKEL - "HEENAN'S BOY" AGAIN

PHOTOS BY BOB RUIZ





Despite Nick Bockwinkel's successes, despite his own immense intellect and cunning, he frankly missed Bobby Heenan's influence. When Heenan announced he was returning to the AWA as Bockwinkel's manager, a collective shudder shook the entire alliance. But Bockwinkel smiled broadly

**A**N EXPANSIVE SMILE spreads across Nick Bockwinkel's face. Stretched out on the training table, he closes his eyes and listens.

"This'll be the easiest match of your life," Bobby Heenan told Bockwinkel. "You're going to be better than ever. The best champion in the world once again is guided by the last manager. This is the second golden era. You've got nothing to worry about. I've got everything under control."

Bockwinkel sighed happily. All was right in his world. Once again he was being managed by the one man he really trusts. If Heenan told Bockwinkel to jump off a bridge, Nick would happily leap.

Bobby Heenan's exile from the AWA is over. The notorious manager has returned just where he left off. Bockwinkel, the man he led to the AWA title years ago, was still champion upon his return. Nick, who proved he could remain on top by himself, quickly placed himself under Heenan's guidance again. Bockwinkel doesn't *need* Heenan, but he *wants* Heenan.

To most other wrestlers, it just doesn't make sense. Why cut Heenan in on the profits when Bockwinkel does well on his own? Bockwinkel has proven he doesn't need a manager. It just doesn't make sense.

"I would've bet my last



Bobby Heenan and Nick Bockwinkel enter the arena for their first Omaha appearance in over a year (above). Bobby aids a dazed Bockwinkel outside the ring (right).

dollar," Greg Gagne admits, "that Bockwinkel wouldn't sign up with Heenan again. Yet, Nick couldn't wait to get Heenan as his manager. It's like Heenan has some sort of spell over Bockwinkel."

"I wrestled Bockwinkel when Heenan managed him and after Heenan left. Take my word for it, Bockwinkel doesn't need Heenan. In fact, I think he's slightly tougher without Heenan. Bobby relaxes him, makes him a bit sloppy.



Bockwinkel without a manager is more dangerous.

"Why does he want Heenan managing him? I can't figure it out. My father has a theory, though. He reminded me of when I was a kid and learning to ride a bike. Even after I was riding my two-wheeler well, I wouldn't let him throw away my training wheels. Though I didn't need the training wheels, I needed to know they were there. Bockwinkel doesn't need Heenan, but he needs to know Heenan is there. Just in case. For me, it was just in case I forgot how to ride. For Bockwinkel, it's just in case someone comes along he can't handle."

Is there a possibility Heenan could help Bockwinkel?

"Did I forget how to ride a bike?" Greg replies. "If someone is going to beat Bockwinkel, he's going to do it whether Heenan is there or Mighty Mouse is there. I plan to beat Bockwinkel. I don't think it's going to be any harder because Heenan is around."

However, when you ask Bockwinkel about Heenan, it's like asking Jimmy Olsen about Superman.

"Heenan is a genius," Bockwinkel states. "the greatest wrestling mind of this century; perhaps the greatest



Mad Dog Vachon demonstrates that he has not forgotten the tactics that earned him his name as he chokes Bockwinkel.

wrestling mind of all time. His strategies are masterpieces. He can find flaws in my opponents better than anyone else on earth. He's the best manager that ever lived. The best."

How does Bockwinkel explain his success when Heenan wasn't managing him?

"I stayed champ," Nick believes. "because I remembered what Heenan taught me. I never went into a match without

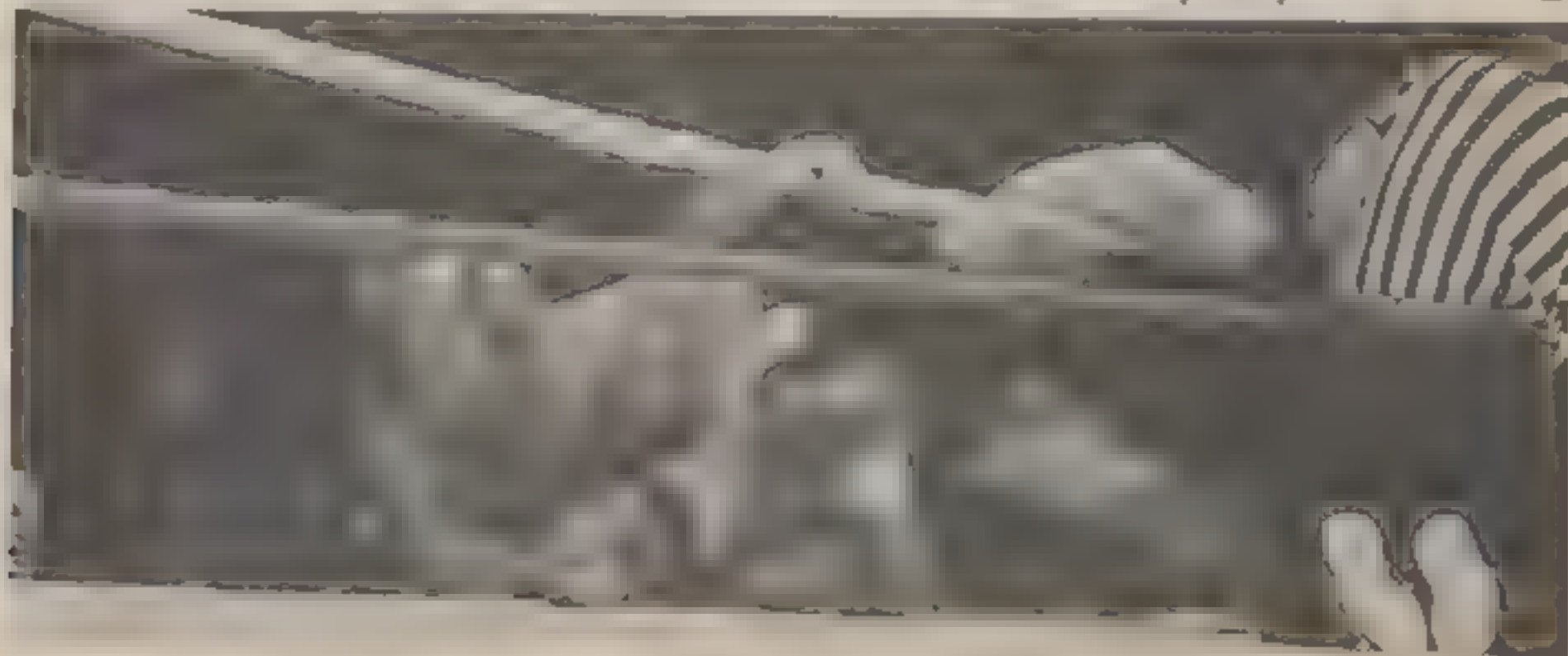
first thinking, 'How would Bobby tell me to handle this guy? Thinking that way, I became the best wrestler around. But I never fooled myself into thinking that I was as smart as Bobby.'"

Bockwinkel doesn't like to be reminded that when Heenan first managed the champion, their relationship was notorious for arguments and Bockwinkel trying to break the contract.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Nick claims when someone brings up the past. "Any stories about me and Bobby feuding were lies. I never disobeyed Bobby's instructions and I never lost my title."

Yet, there's something about Bockwinkel's denial that just doesn't sit right. The words are right, but they come out sounding all wrong. You have to look at Nick's eyes as he speaks to understand why Bockwinkel may not be telling the whole truth. For a man in paradise, he's not very happy.

Still, Heenan controls Bockwinkel like a puppetmaster controls a marionette. If Bockwinkel keeps the AWA belt, Heenan can claim a good deal of the credit. If Bockwinkel loses his title, then the true nature of "paradise" will be seen by everyone. □



Bockwinkel retaliates with similar tactics but adds an eye gouge for emphasis.





**A** LONG, BRUTAL championship reign (*"I have survived because I am the best"*) . . . Considered the brightest wrestler around (*"My mind is so large it hurts my eyebrows"*) . . . Uses imaginative and daring measures to unbalance opponents (*"When you're bored, you need stimulation. My competition bores me"*) . . . Seeks to extend his NWA rule across the entire nation (*"Who can stop me?"*) . . . Predictions of demise spread throughout wrestling when he lost the title to Dusty Rhodes (*"Sorriest day of my life. But of course I beat the tubster to get my belt back"*) Despite attending to all managerial details himself, he maintains a fierce, clever edge (*"Let the other champions use managers. I don't need one"*) . . . Accused of purposely disqualifying himself in order to retain title (*"Once and for all, I want to answer that irresponsible charge. I am following my*

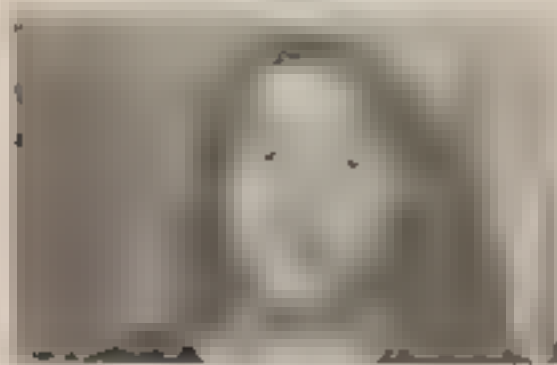
Harley Race is considered a smart champion because he knows how to retain his belt. Harley flatly denies the charge that he intentionally disqualified himself, but many experts insist that when in trouble he will do anything to keep a grasp on the NWA championship.

*foes who run in terror. Since the refs protect the scientific wrestlers, I am disqualified"*) . . . Considers much of his competition in the NWA sub-standard (*"Who is there?*

*The Briscos? They're pathetic. Tommy Rich? He should go back to summer camp. No one can challenge me. They have all tried and failed"*). □

# WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Each day, out of the thousands of letters we receive, hundreds of them are from fans asking the whereabouts of their favorite wrestler. In this special column, we will try to answer the questions you ask the most!



## STEVE KEIRN

After a lengthy and successful stay in Florida, Keirn is negotiating with WWF promoters. Steve made an appearance in Madison Square Garden some time ago and the fans have demanded his return. He is looking for the perfect partner to compliment his speed and hopes to find him in the Northeast.

## MASKED SUPERSTAR

Ignoring claims that he was too embarrassed to remain in Georgia after losing the State title to Mr. Wrestling, Masked Superstar has turned up in the Mid-Atlantic area. He and Masked Superstar II have joined forces and pose a serious threat to the NWA tag team champions.



## DICK MURDOCH

Florida wrestling fans are excited about the prospect of area promoters coming to terms with Murdoch and the possibility that the Outlaws—Murdoch and Dusty Rhodes—will be reunited. Murdoch has been frustrated in his attempts to regain the Missouri State title from Kevin Von Erich.

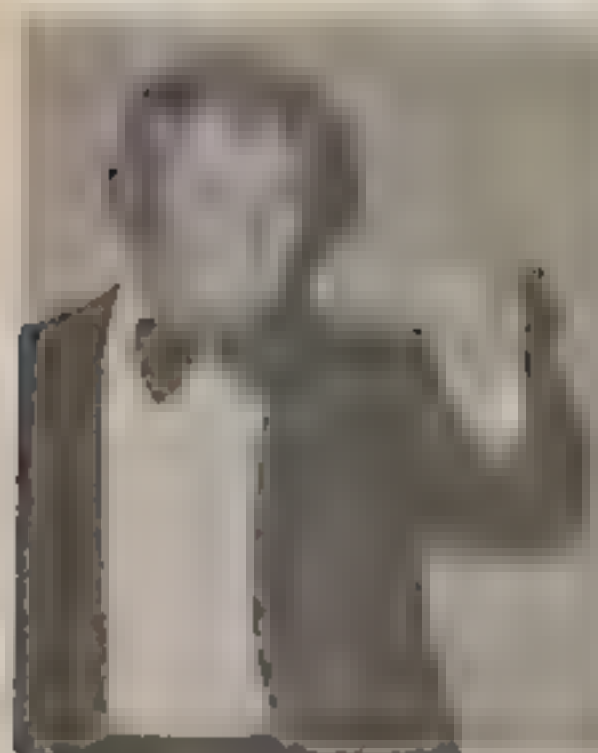
## BOB ARMSTRONG

Popular Bob and Dick Slater have emerged as one of the most successful tag teams in Tennessee history. Bob said he and Slater love the area and will not leave to challenge other teams. They do, however, welcome others to challenge them.





# ONE ON



*(Years of sharing strategy and secrets died with a clash of ambitions. As managers of the majority of AWA rulebreakers Bobby Heenan and Lord Al Hays were the power brokers. They made and destroyed careers. In fact, a verbal agreement to respect each other's contractual agreements kept the peace. Until Heenan shattered the pact and signed Super Destroyer Mark II and Super Destroyer Mark III. Once peace was splintered, war quickly started. Now Hays manages Verne Gagne and Mad Dog Vachon. Heenan manages the Destroyers and AWA champ Nick Backwinkel. They meet in the ring. And here.)*



Picturephone photos courtesy of Bell Telephone.

**BOBBY HEENAN**

Al Hays, what you doing since you left wrestling?

**LORD HAYS:**

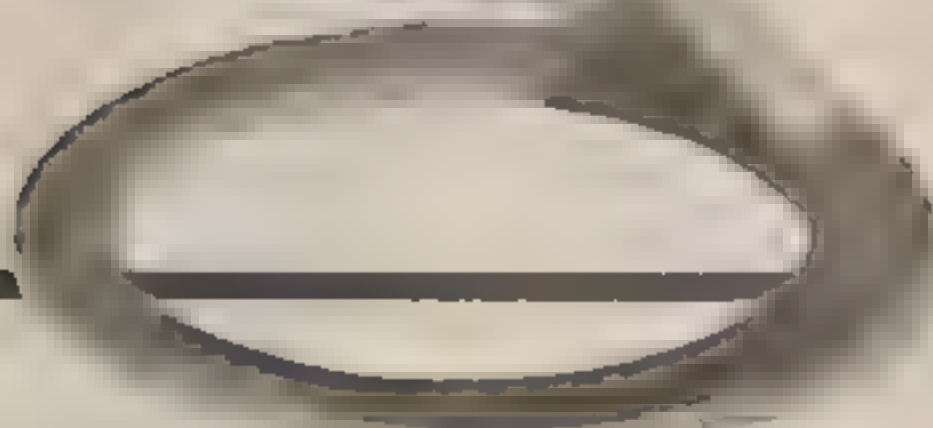
Who said I left wrestling? I'm

advising Verne Gagne and Mad Dog Vachon, too fine chaps.

**BH:** That's retiring where I come from. Anytime you associate

**Every month the telephone wires will crackle as two top grapplers rage and argue. We'll print the unedited transcript of their conversations, giving the fans a privileged glimpse at wrestlers which can be found nowhere else**

# WOW ONE



with losers. that's quitting.

LH: Former champion of the AWA is a loser?

BH: Former.

LH: Not for long. Verne and I know how to deal with cat throats like you.

BH: Now, now, Al, baby. You're stal not upset 'cause the Super Destroyers realized they needed a real manager'

LH: You could not manage your

way out of a tea room.

BH: Get a business card I'

LH: And broke your promise.

BH: What promise?

LH: To respect each other's manager a spores you

BH: Got it in writing?

LH: No, certainly not. I wrongly believed a man of honor would keep his promises.

BH: I'm a man of honor and I keep all my promises. I

promise to run you and your burns outta wrestling. How's that for a promise?

LH: I trust you have an army to support that vow?

BH: I don't need an army I got brains and my men. We'll whip you anywhere and anytime.

LH: You and who else?

BH: I don't even need any physical force to stop you, bum. All I have to do is marshal my inner, psychic power and knock you into the next federation. Or back to England! Is that where you come from you?

LH: Shall I be polite and mention where you come from?

BH: Let's get back to wrestling something you know little about.

LH: You're a grand one for running at the mouth. When we date discuss our own  
(Continued on page 64)



## ANNUALS



## ANNUALS

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| 977 ANHUAL | 26 | 1978 ANHUAL | SUN |
| 977 ANHUAL | 27 | 1978 ANHUAL | FAL |
| 977 ANHUAL | 28 | 1978 ANHUAL | WTH |
| 977 ANHUAL | 29 | 1979 ANHUAL | SPR |
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(Continued from Page 8)

I was about to protest but realized my tongue was lodged deep within my larynx. Albano appeared sincere about quieting his men and returning my television to its stand. However, the now blank screen enraged Afa. He kept pointing at the screen,



Lou Albano is convinced that he has the next WWF tag team champions in the Samoans.

then at me. Sika snarled, lowered the television, examined the dark screen and mumbled something distinctly threatening at me. Albano interceded

"They want to know where the little man went," Albano said, grinning

For some reason, I thought this a) comical A mistake

"He went bye-bye," I said, forcing a smile. Albano translated. In a matter of seconds, my television went bye-bye. Sika's mouth opened and said what I believed was "bye-bye" in Samoan. He flung the television over my head and against the wall, shattering the TV and denting the wall. At least that'd quiet the fun duo, I thought desperately

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Albano. He didn't look sorry. I had to get these maniacs out of my apartment. But how? I recalled a Twilight Zone episode about appliances. Would it work?

I ran to the stereo and flipped it on, blasting the volume. Afa and Sika froze and glared at the speakers. Rushing into the kitchen, I turned on the dishwasher. The Samoans grumbled in fear. I switched on the food processor. Its whirring noise increased their growls. I heard Albano trying to calm them. That failed

Grabbing the transistor radio off the kitchen shelf, I hurried into the living room. Afa had his head pressed against the wall, cowering from the speaker. Sika was jumping up and down on the couch. As Albano rushed to turn off the stereo, I turned on the transistor radio. I thrust it at The Samoans. Their mouths dropped. Backing away, they nearly went through the window. Two plants toppled over. Yet they ran, shrieking and screaming. Albano trailed after them. At the door, he apologized for my television and promised to replace it.

As yet, I am still without a television. Don't despair. I've taken to making potholders. □

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## A STUDY IN BRUTALITY

(Continued from Page 31)



Ladd tries to ward off the Sheik's corner attack (above left) but is unsuccessful. The Sheik works on Ernie's neck muscles (above right). These are doubtlessly two of the most vicious wrestlers of all time.

thinking. All that could be certain was his brilliant mind whirring with ideas that could mean disaster for Ernie Ladd.

The bell rang. The two men slowly approached each other, circling and looking for an opening. Ladd seemed to tower over his smaller foe, yet that didn't seem to give him any advantage. Height means nothing against The Sheik.

Ladd was the first to strike. With the quickness of a cat, Ernie drove his shoulder hard into Sheik's mid-section. The Arab stumbled backward. Ladd tried to trap The Sheik in a bearhug, but the Arab smashed his fist hard into the back of Ernie's neck. It was Ladd's turn to stumble backward.

The match went on like that for about 10 minutes. The two men assaulted each other furiously, but could gain no

advantage. Both grapplers were growing weak from the constant pounding, but neither looked ready to fail. Then, almost before anyone knew what was happening, the whole match seemed to go berserk.

Even after examining the films, no one could tell quite why Ladd stumbled backward and fell in the corner. It might have been The Sheik's forearm smash; it might have been weariness, it might have been a combination of the two. Ladd claims he was tripped by someone or something. Whatever the reason, Ladd fell backward and became entangled in the corner.

The Sheik was on him in an instant. With a fury that terrifies everyone, he battered, choked, kicked, and gouged at Ladd. Ernie tried to defend himself but he might as well have tried

to ward off a tornado. Soon huge gashes appeared across Ladd's forehead. The crowd was screaming at the referee to stop The Sheik's rampage. Each move was dirtier than the last. It was a despicable exhibition of wrestling savagery.

Finally, even the referee was able to see the illegal tactics. The Sheik was disqualified. Everybody cheered.

Everybody cheered but Ernie Ladd. "Stop!" he shouted. "Let me wrestle! Let me wrestle!"

The Sheik took one look at the enraged Ladd and the Arab ran back to his dressing room.

Ladd then went back to his dressing room. He'd won the match but lost something more important. He couldn't say he was the toughest man in wrestling. He can't say that until they carry out Sheik on a stretcher. □







With Bruiser against the ropes, Murdoch aims a vicious chop at his exposed throat.

psychological battles in wrestling history. With his magnificent style and ability, he'll overwhelm Von Erich easily. By the time you read this article, Murdoch might already be champion.

Years ago, when he didn't care about the fans, Bruiser once said, "Let 'em call me anything they want. Keep the fans stupid. I'm not in this for glory. I'm here for the money and the fun of it. Winning is fun. Fans don't mean a thing."

Bruiser has changed his mind. Murdoch still believes the only things that matter are money and victory. Bruiser used to also say, "Give the glory to the losers."

Dick Murdoch will gladly give Kevin Von Erich the glory. All Dick wants is the Missouri belt. ☐

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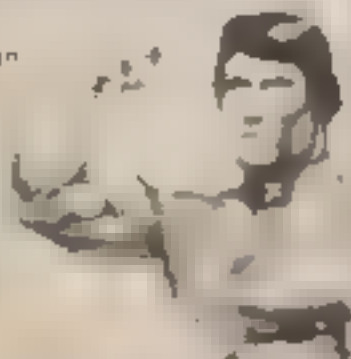
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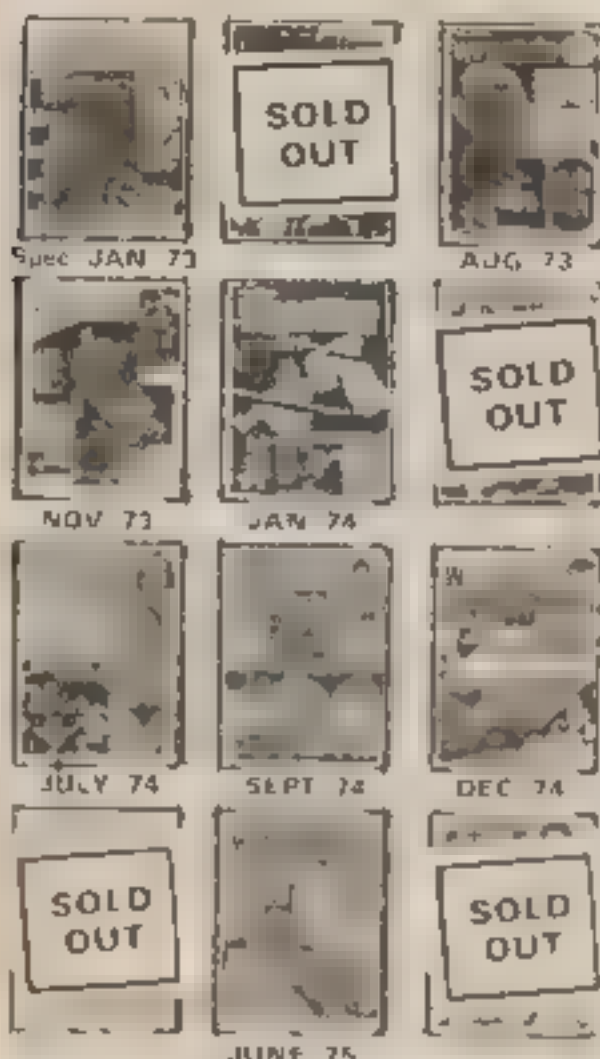
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## BODYSLAMS & PINFALLS

(Continued from Page 10)

is why Patera trusted  
 Patterson in the first place

"Have you ever spoken to  
 Patterson?" Patera asks.

"He could make you believe  
 in ghosts. He swore up and  
 down how much he wanted  
 to be my friend. He was  
 determined to end the sport  
 of Backlund, Strongbow,  
 and bums like them. His  
 eyes burned with  
 determination



Patterson retains his Inter-Continental  
 championship with an illegal pin of  
 Ted DiBree

"Now look at the bum.  
 His eyes burn with the  
 same intensity. Only now  
 he wants to drive me out of  
 wrestling. The guy has a  
 screw loose somewhere. He  
 jumps from one belief to  
 another without even  
 pausing. I wouldn't trust  
 him as far as I can throw  
 him. He should be put in a  
 rubber room!"

Many of Patterson's  
 former friends agree with  
 Patera. Lou Albano, the  
 man Patterson first  
 betrayed, calls Patterson  
 'a rat who deserts a ship  
 whether it's sinking or not.  
 He just naturally has to turn  
 on friends. That's why he  
 travels so much. He goes to  
 one area, betrays  
 everybody, then has to  
 leave. There are hundreds

of people all over the world  
 who can say, 'Pat Patterson  
 stabbed me in the back.' It  
 makes me sick just thinking  
 about him.

"You know, legally I still  
 own his contract. I could  
 make him turn handstands  
 if I felt like it. But I don't.  
 You know why? I want  
 nothing to do with the man.  
 He's a disgrace to the  
 profession I love. We'd all  
 be better off if he became a  
 plumber. Hell, we'd all be  
 better off if he went down  
 a sewer."

Patterson refused to talk  
 to me for this interview. Of  
 course, he has gone on  
 record stating Albano  
 betrayed him. He has  
 also apologized to Bob  
 Backlund and similar riff-  
 raff. He's now helping  
 wrestling's Howdy Doody  
 "clean up" the WWF. That's  
 about what he's fit for.  
 At least we can all rest  
 easier knowing he's  
 doomed to failure.

Yes, moronic wrestling  
 fans, Patterson is doomed.  
 There's no way a man of  
 his helter-skeiter principles  
 can mount a sustained  
 attack. Soon, the wind will  
 blow him the other way,  
 someone will offer him a  
 few more bucks, and the  
 fans who love him now will  
 curse him as a rulebreaker.  
 It's happened too many  
 times before. And hurt too  
 many gullible people.

We're getting wise to you,  
 Patterson. You can hurt all  
 of the people only some of  
 the time. Then they start  
 battling back. □





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## POOL OF BLOOD

(Continued from Page 35,



Bleeding profusely and only sem-conscious Bruno is helped to a stretcher. The former WWF champion was rushed to a hospital where he received a transfusion. Physically he is no longer in danger, but he is mentally shattered over the betrayal of a close friend.

Sammartino. The wrestling community was stunned when Larry made the challenge.

No one was more shocked than Bruno. It broke his heart to face his young friend in the ring. There are so many things that can happen in combat. One moment's anger, one accidental move, and Larry's career would be finished. Yet, Bruno knew Larry had to have the match. He accepted Zbyszko's challenge.

Bruno made a few rules of his own, though. "I won't try to pin him or hurt him," Bruno stated. "I'll only defend myself. I like Larry. I'm sorry this match is taking place."

Larry accepted it on those conditions. He was too unhappy that events had come to this. But there was no other way to establish his independence from Bruno.

The night of the match arrived. The two men wrestled well, but there was a sorrow in their movements. It was a

painful match to watch.

And then it happened. After a swift series of maneuvers, Larry fell out of the ring. Not hurt, he began to climb back. Bruno opened the ropes to make it easier for him to enter. Bruno meant it as a kindness. Larry saw it as an insult.

Larry's face contorted into a mask of rage. Mindlessly, savagely, he grabbed a chair from ringside. Bruno was too stunned to protect himself. Again and again, Larry smashed the chair over his mentor's head. Blood spurted from wide cuts. Bruno sank to the canvas. Agony and anguish overwhelmed him.

It was a bloody end to a beautiful friendship. That magical connection between the two men had been broken. Though they're no longer friends, they're not really enemies. It's hard to say exactly what they are to each other.

As far as Larry is concerned,

this is only the first of many battles.

"He had no right to open those ropes," Larry says, his voice combining anger and hurt. "He wouldn't do that for any other opponent. It was like he wanted the world to see he didn't take the bout seriously. Darn it, he owed me that much! He should've taken it seriously! Instead, he treated me like some helpless amateur."

"I'll never forget that. I was his opponent. If you respect an opponent, you don't help him. This was the biggest match of my life. He treated it like a sparring session. In front of the world, he treated me like a sparring partner. To me, it was incredibly important. He purposely made it look like a joke."

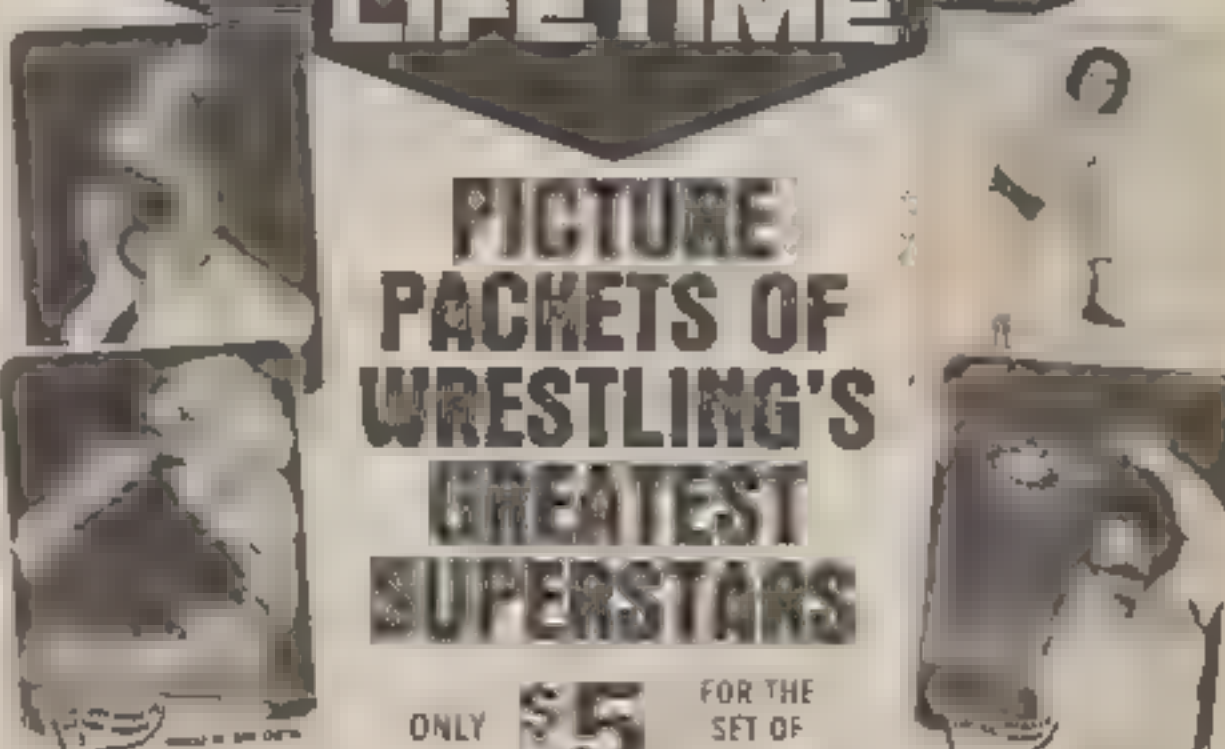
Bruno doesn't like to talk about it much. He knows there will be other matches. There will be more chances that one of them will be permanently injured. The stitches in his forehead are only the beginning.

Nobody likes to think about what the end will be. ☐



Early in the match, Larry and Bruno displayed the scientific wrestling moves that brought them their success in the sport.

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## BEHIND THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 12)

I never gave the Florida sun a thought. It was a cruel and unusual assignment.

\*\*\*

There was no Florida sun. It rained from the second I stepped off the plane. I barely had enough time to catch a meal and get to the arena. My clothes were drenched, and I sat uncomfortably. Until the fourth match, that is. Then a huge bearded man came running into the ring and ran from corner to corner twitching his head. My wet clothes became unimportant. I was thinking more about my wet palms and how ridiculous it would be to try and interview this, this *whatever*.

I was somewhat surprised at his wrestling style. His movement was awkward but his moves were precise. He possessed an extraordinary amount of wrestling skills. He finished off his opponent with a flying elbow smash and made a quick departure from the ring. It looked like he might be in a rush to leave the arena so I ran after him.

Bugsy reached his dressing room door and I stopped right behind him. He turned around quickly and looked at me with a confused face. "What is your rush, young man," he said in a clear, dignified tone.

"Bugsy," I said, "I've been assigned to do an interview with you and I wanted to catch you before you left."

"I'm not going anywhere," he said. "I knew you were coming. I'll give you your interview."

"You know, that's what's the matter with the world these days. Everybody is in a big rush. But what are we rushing for. Everybody ends up in the same place. You know what it is.

Greed. That's all anybody in this God-forsaken world can relate to. Greed. Take from your enemies. Take from your friends. Take and take some more. Don't give anything, unless you feel you can get more in return. Greed. The force that drives mankind.

"Well, let me tell you something about taking, young man. That's what I plan on



Bugsy McGraw appears to be a mad man, but he is a knowledgeable wrestler and an articulate speaker.

doing. I'm no different than anybody else. I'm just better. I plan on taking anything I want. And what I want is the Florida heavyweight championship. Now let me give you a lesson about rushing. I want that title and I want it now. I'll take what I want and I'll take it soon."

McGraw opened the door to his dressing room, walked in, and slammed the door in my face. I stood there for at least five minutes, completely stunned. I couldn't believe he was talking like that. He sounded more like a philosophy professor than a professional athlete. It occurred to me that that was probably the reason I was assigned to do the interview in the first place. □

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## THE INSIDER

(Continued from Page 39)

**RUMOR:** Professor Toru  
Tanaka is currently negoti-  
ating with a local New York  
television station to secure the  
rights to produce a weekly 30-  
minute show on Oriental

## INJURY REPORT

Doctors say **BRUNO SAM-  
MARTINO** came extremely  
close to losing a fatal amount of  
blood after being attacked by



Bruno Sammartino is helped onto a stretcher after being hit with a wooden chair by Larry Zbyszko (above). Professor Toru Tanaka (below) is rumored to have put in a request for a television show on Far Eastern cooking. Tanaka has been denied the show several times in the past.



cooking, scheduled for the fall  
season. On the show, Tanaka  
will teach viewers how to  
prepare his favorite Far East  
dishes. Guests will include Mr.  
Fuji and Baba the Giant.

**FACT:** Television insiders all  
know that Tanaka has been  
trying to obtain a license for a  
television show for years. But  
he has repeatedly been  
rejected. There is no reason to  
believe he will succeed now.

Larry Zbyszko. Sammartino  
was rushed to a hospital where  
a well-executed transfusion  
saved his life.

**TERRY FUNK** says his right  
arm still feels numb on  
occasion following the deep  
cuts he sustained after a  
particularly grueling match  
with **DUSTY RHODES**. Funk  
has sworn revenge. "I'll get that  
egg-sucking dog back if it's the  
last thing I do," he said. □



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**Bill Cosby  
says:  
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## ONE ON ONE

(Continued from Page 47)

career?

BH: My favorite subject.

LH: And one littered with failure.

BH: Managing greats is failure?

LH: Unless I'm very mistaken, which I doubt, you had little to do with Nick Bockwinkel's success. Proof of the pudding, as we like to say, consists of Bockwinkel's incomparable

your accomplishments in Georgia, they were negligible. Once you finished managing Blackjack Lanza, he disappeared off the face of the Earth. None of your men could solve the talents of Mr. Wrestling or Tommy Rich, to name a few. You returned, not because Bock-



Lord Al Hays accompanies his former protege, Super Destroyer, into the ring. Hays is now seen in the corner of Mad Dog Vachon and Verne Gagne, and is feuding with Bobby Heenan, who just recently made his return to the AWA after a lengthy suspension.

achievements without your needling, irritating presence.

BH: That just shows how . . .

LH: Let me finish. Despite your well-publicized absence, Nick Bockwinkel thrived. As for

winkel wanted you, but because you, like any parasite, require a host to feed upon. On your own, you are nothing.

BH: I made champions and I



break champions.

LH: Oh really? Do you tell Nick Nick that?

BH: He's my friend.

LH: Until he loses. Then you'll discard him.

BH: I stick by my friends. Not like you. You jumped all over the Super Destroyers' backs when they moved on for purely financial reasons.

LH: I did so because they betrayed me. I will not abide treachery.



Heenan shouts words of encouragement and strategy to his wrestler.

BH: You've had enough practice. Ever wonder why everyone wants to dump you?

LH: I do not fear the opinions or decisions of mediocrities.

BH: Ah, you won't listen to Verne Gagne?

LH: Be forewarned, old chap: Verne Gagne will return as



Hays, who is building a legion of supporters, peers arrogantly across the ring.

AWA champ.

BH: There going to be an epidemic in the AWA? (Chuckles)

LH: Don't say I didn't warn you to your face. That is more than you afford foes. ☐

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